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Title: The Bold Stranger

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In a time before time, the Gods that Be assembled a group of artisans, craftsmen and lore masters (for, yes, even in those days, art existed) to create the world of Sosaria. To this group, the gods gave a tiny world, Rytambul, in which to test their works, to see if they were of the quality desired for the true world in which they would be placed. And though the gods were tight fisted with their gold, this small crew worked hard and long, and were happy in their tasks.

A small corner of Rytambul had been claimed by the artisan Selrahc the Slow. Though he was not the fastest of the assembled workers, the gods smiled upon his work, even presenting him with a mystic talisman proclaiming his work the best among the newer artisans. And so Selrahc went about his business, creating hundreds of designs which would one day add color and variety to Sosaria.

One day a stranger appeared to Selrahc. His chest was bare and he wore

trousers of the  
brightest green, and  
wherever he went,  
plants grew in his  
footsteps. This  
caused Selrahc no end  
of trouble, the  
stranger always  
looking over his  
shoulder, and the  
plants sprouting in  
places Selrahc  
required to ply his  
art. And so Selrahc  
approached the  
stranger and bade  
him speak. But this  
man in green  
remained silent.  
Selrahc pleaded with  
the stranger to give  
his name, and would  
he please leave  
Selrahc to his work.  
But this mysterious  
stranger remained  
mute.

This angered  
Selrahc mightily. Who  
was this silent man,  
interfering with  
tasks the gods  
themselves had  
entrusted to Selrahc?  
In an attempt to  
embarrass this  
interloper, Selrahc  
stole his green  
trousers, leaving him  
naked and open to  
comments about his  
very manhood, and  
still the stranger  
would not speak,  
would not leave this  
tiny corner of  
Rytabul.

Vexed to his very  
limits, Selrahc took  
his war axe and  
smote the silent one  
mightily, again and  
again, until the silent  
stranger ran away,  
having never said a  
word, and never  
showed himself in  
Rytabul again.

Thus endeth the  
tale of the bold  
stranger.